

The Life Achievements of a Distinguished Washington Man—Rev. Dr. D. J. Stafford

He Has Brought to Fruition Talents in Varied Lines, and Is Notable as a Preacher, Shakespearean Scholar, and Lecturer.

"WHETHER induced you to enter the priesthood, doctor, spoiled a mighty good actor."

A newspaper man of his acquaintance made this remark to the Rev. Dr. D. J. Stafford, pastor of St. Patrick's Church, a few years ago. It was not irreverently said, but appreciatively. It is possible it did not displease Dr. Stafford very much.

A Leading Shakespearean Scholar.

Yet 'twas only a half truth. For the arts of the actor have made Dr. Stafford a master of human emotions, and the ideals of the scholar and the poet, have led Dr. Stafford through byways of learning to a place as one of the leading Shakespearean scholars of the country and one of the most skilled and eloquent interpreters of the mysteries and the beauties of the Sweet Bard of Avon.

Doctor Stafford was born in Washington. He attended school here, and prepared for college at St. Matthew's Institute, now St. John's College, conducted by the Christian Brothers. It was his intention from his earliest childhood to study for the priesthood, which determination he never changed; he continued his studies without interruption until December 13, 1883, when he was ordained priest, by the Right Rev. Richard Gilmore, D. D., Bishop of Cleveland.

Consequently, all of those fanciful stories about his career and the causes that diverted him to the priesthood are without truth.

Stationed in Cleveland.

The first five years of Dr. Stafford's priesthood were spent at St. John's Cathedral, Cleveland, Ohio, as assistant pastor. He immediately attracted the greatest attention as a preacher. The cathedral, which is a very large church, was always thronged, and many were unable to gain admission.

Dr. Stafford then began his courses of Lenten sermons, which he has kept up ever since, treating in an exhaustive manner the fundamental questions of religion. He attempted by study and research to present such an array of historical facts and philosophical argument as to convince the mind and by his wonderful powers of eloquence he seeks to move the will to action.

Novel and Startling Methods.

Dr. Stafford's method is new and somewhat startling. He broke away at once from all the traditional formalities of preaching, some of which were exceedingly stupid.

At first his brethren looked on askance, and wondered at the young man who brought to the task of preaching every resource of literature, every fact of history, every discovery of science, and every power of art. It was so wherever he appeared, and it may be said of Dr. Stafford that he has now educated the country up to an appreciation of himself. His success grew always.

Still Votes for Lincoln.

If Charles Lewis is still living in Oswego, N. Y., he will cast his ballot for Abraham Lincoln for President. This individual, according to a statement made by a New York Representative, furnished material for small-bored war to get off jobs. Lewis, poor and simple-minded, cast his first ballot for Abraham Lincoln, and has religiously deposited a vote for him at every election.

Lewis was asked one day what inscription he would like to have on his tomb after death. "Just say," said Lewis, "that I let a Christian. No, don't say that. Let it be simply, 'Charles Lewis. He voted for Abraham Lincoln.' That will be glory enough."

Error in the Type.

Speaker Cannon, while discussing the labor troubles in Chicago, said:

"While speaking of labor and labor unions reminds me of an amusing mix-up of the type in one of the New York papers years ago. You know the typographical errors are always charged to the printer. I believe it is said no one else makes them. The mix-up I speak of was in the report of a speech the Hon. Elihu Burriel had made at some kind of a celebration, and which speech he concluded with the sentence, 'Labor, thought-honored labor, may be the only earthly potentate that shall be crowned on this continent.' When the paper appeared it read, 'Labor, that horned labor, may be the nail lately patented that shall be crowned on this continent.'"

Dangerous to Call Man Liar.

"To tell a man he is a liar is a pretty serious thing in some States," says a Kentucky Representative, "and a man the fellow told Champ Clark, while he was making a speech, that he was a liar, I have been studying up on the law."

"There is something doing in most States when the lie is passed. In Georgia and South Carolina, for instance, a liar becomes a regular slander, and it is not usual to go to the courts to settle the matter—flat, knives and pistols will do that."

"Texas passed an act making an assault and battery justifiable when the lie had been given."

"Arkansas, Mississippi, and my State make it a misdemeanor, for which a heavy fine may be imposed. Missouri,

He was transferred from Cleveland to Massillon, Ohio, where he was pastor for eleven months. But his name and fame had spread over the country. Cardinal Gibbons, realizing that Baltimore and Washington were the proper fields for his ability, called him home to his native diocese.

After three years spent in Baltimore, he came to Washington as assistant pastor of St. Patrick's, where he remains, having become pastor in 1901 of St. Patrick's Church, which, under his influence, has become the principal church of Washington and of the country.

Pleased at Promotion.

The national city rejoiced at his promotion—everybody was interested. President McKinley expressed a wish that Dr. Stafford might be advanced because of the good he was doing in Washington.

Dr. Stafford was a personal and intimate friend of President McKinley, as he is of President Roosevelt. His speech at the McKinley memorial meeting in the Chase Theater will never be forgotten by those who heard it; such diction, such pathos, such sublime expression, and all in so few words.

Public Spirited.

One of the reasons of this extraordinary popularity of Dr. Stafford in Washington, as elsewhere, is his public spirit and his pronounced Americanism. No public occasion in Washington has been complete without him for these many years. His preaching on such occasions is an inspiration.

On one occasion, the celebration of Washington's Birthday, he so moved the audience by his tribute to Washington that the chairman could not control the meeting. Before the next speaker could proceed he had to call upon the Marine Band to play a national air.

Likewise, every cause of law and order appeals to his heart, and he is always ready to lend his voice in support of such movements. President McKinley said of Dr. Stafford:

"I do not know which to admire most, the man's head or his heart."

Popular in His Parish.

His popularity in his parish is unique. Everybody loves him, and he has a patient ear and a generous hand for all. In fact, he has supported the charities of St. Patrick's parish for many years out of the proceeds of his lectures, and the St. Vincent de Paul, and other charitable organizations always receive a check whenever they call upon him.

His devotion to his church is marked, and has been tested on many occasions. Many offers have been made to take him elsewhere, but no one could ever win his consent. He has beautified the church—the splendor of the services is known both here and in Europe—and the perfection of the sanctuary choir of boys and the magnificence of the senior choir all tend to round out the services in St. Patrick's.

Now he has recently completed a mag-

nificent group of new buildings, including the new St. Patrick's Academy, the new Carroll, and the new rectory. The school will include elementary, grammar

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Mix Up of Connections.

This story about an odd sort of relationship is given by Representative Hunter of Tennessee.

"A widower, who was not very young, became smitten by a beautiful girl and married her. A short time after, the son of this man, by a former wife, became also in love, not with a young person, but with the mother of the father's new wife—a widow still in the bloom of her years. The young man and the widow were united in the bonds of matrimony. Thus, the father became the son-in-law of his own son, and the wife not only the daughter-in-law of her own son-in-law, but still more, the mother-in-law of her own mother, while the husband of the latter is the father-in-law of his mother-in-law, and father-in-law of his own father."

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"Certainly," said the American. "It is a matter of frequent occurrence. There is no law against it."

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MIKADO AS A GOD.

"To every child of the Island Kingdom the Emperor is Japan—he is also as a god, believed in devoutly by all, whether literally or allegorically, and to die for him on the field of battle is but to ascend to his other and everlasting kingdom. To the old school of Japanese all this is as real as his undying patriotism and love of country. He has followed his Emperor through many changes and revolutions, with but one fixed desire uppermost in his breast—to die at last for his Mikado. This desire to die for King and country has descended from father to son, and is as strong today in the hearts of young Japan as ever it was in the breasts of the old Samurai chivalry. The Japanese soldier goes off to war in Korea or Manchuria eager to give his life for his country, knowing full well that the news of his honorable death on the field of battle will be received at home with rejoicing. His aged parents will go up to the temple to offer thanks to God that he has been so good to them as to accept their offering of a son for the glory of his country, while from miles around the envious neighbors will assemble to do homage, and point out to one another the happy warrior that can boast a member who lies dead upon the battlefield—a son who has given his life in the service of his Emperor."—Pearson's.



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SOME STORIES TOLD OF AND BY MEMBERS OF CONGRESS

One of the national law-makers from the "strenuous" State of Texas, says: "Heavy duties were laid upon liquors by the Lone Star republic before we were annexed, but after this it came in by the bottle, jug, keg and barrel duty free. One day a native was seen coming down the street, gloriously drunk, swinging his hat and yelling at the top of his voice in a most uproarious manner."

"Whoopie! Whisky only 25 cents a gallon, by gosh! Some chance for a nigger and poor white man now."

Two Would Have Killed Him.

Representative Adamson of Georgia told this yarn while he was in Washington last week:

"A fellow, a son of Erin, was arraigned in one of the courts of my district on a charge of stealing a hog. Being without counsel, the court appointed a young limb of the law to defend the prisoner. Entirely unprepared and not entirely efficient, the counsel made a sorry defense, the jury, without leaving their seats, returning a verdict of guilty."

"The court asked the prisoner if he had anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced."

"May it please yer honor," said the Irishman, "is it right for a man to go to prison without a fair trial?"

"But you have had a fair trial," said the judge.

"Have, have I?"

"Yes, the court appointed counsel to defend you."

"The prisoner cast a glance of contempt at his attorney and answered, 'If I had two such as him the jury would have hung me for murder.'"

"The point was so well taken that the poor fellow was given a very light sentence, and pardoned before the end of the week."

Difference Between Friends.

Major George Gilleland, who is confidential secretary to Senator Clark of Montana, tells this story:

"One of the brightest newspaper men who ever lived in Washington was Tom Hannum. Peace to his soul! Tom knew he was slowly dying from consumption, and he decided to go to California, hoping the change might prove beneficial. Before his departure several of his friends concluded to give him a farewell dinner, and my house was selected as the place. Well, of course, we dined with each other in giving Tom a good-bye time. He was just as cheerful as any of us, perhaps more so. In a little between smokes talk one of the boys said that he felt that Hannum would return in a few months in perfect health; that he had a friend who had come to California almost on the edge of the grave, and that after a short time he came home weighing 170 pounds."

"When it came Hannum's time to say

a few words he referred to what his friend had said about the fellow coming back almost doubled in weight. 'I had a friend, too, who went to California; and one of his lunas was off duty, and the other was not in working order. He said there four months and came back weighing over 30 pounds, but he came back in a box prepared for him by an undertaker.'"

"Laborers Are Few."

"The great scarcity of farm hands in every section of the country," said Representative Miller of Kansas, "brings to my mind the story of the old farmer who had simply worked himself down during the week and found it impossible to stay awake during preaching. No matter how hard he had labored he felt that he must go to meet him. All good country people feel this way. Well, the old man slept soundly, and the loud tones of the minister failed to arouse him, until at length the good man closed the lids of the Book with a bang and concluded with the words:

"Indeed, my hearers, the harvest is plentiful, and the laborers are few."

"Yes," exclaimed the farmer, who had woken up just in time to catch the sentence, 'I've bin offerin' \$2 a day for hands an' can't get 'em.'"

All Have Cameras.

One of the Representatives from Virginia tells this good story:

"My youngster wanted a camera. Of course, he got it, but he has kept me a bankrupt by satisfying his various and sundry wants. He didn't have it six months before he was tired of it, although I had spent many, many good, hard dollars buying material so that he could master the art of photography."

"One day he came to me and asked if he could sell it. I told him yes, to get out and sell it; that he could find some fool who would want it."

"Father," said the boy, "there are plenty of fools around here, but they all have cameras."

The Governor's Appetite.

"The late Governor McNutt, of my State," says a Representative from Mississippi, "had many remarkable peculiarities, and he was a monstrous eater. When the old Governor was on a campaigning expedition he seemed to eat more than at any other time. After one meal at a house the 'good' wife never cared to have him stop again. On one occasion he stopped at a little tavern in Fayette and gave an order for a regular breakfast 'with a peck of waffles and a quart of honey.'"

"A peck of waffles?" asked the astonished deputy.

"Yes, madam, that is just what I said," answered the Governor, "and I would make it a half-bushel but I am not feeling very well."

"The order was filled and the governor safely placed away the meal together with the waffles and honey. He asked the price, and the lady answered, 'Not a cent, sir; not a cent, sir.'"

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A MAN OF VARIED TALENTS

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Curious Incident of Bull Run Recalled After Forty Years

ADJUTANT GENERAL COLE, of Connecticut, took with him to Manassas, where he was the guest of General Corbin, a commission from one of his subordinate officers, Col. Henry C. Morgan, to recover an old-fashioned "Dutch oven," which Colonel Morgan, when a captain in the Twelfth Infantry, U. S. A., left on the battlefield of Bull Run over forty-one years ago.

"Way back then, when Colonel Morgan's eyes were brighter and he could step lightly on two good legs, previous to leaving a large portion of one leg in the Southland," says the "Hartford Courant," he was in command of two companies of the Twelfth at Nokesville, on the line of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, now the Southern Railroad, the second station beyond Manassas. It was a rather important railroad station for those days, having telegraph facilities and an express office.

"All trains on the road stopped there. There was an important bridge near there which Captain Morgan was instructed to defend at all hazards, for it was feared that the rebels would show up over that bridge. Captain Morgan was in charge of these two companies of infantry of Uncle Sam's troops at that important post all through the winter of 1863-4, from October, 1863, to May, 1864, and to make himself comfortable during that long vigil built a log hut as his headquarters. The chinks in the logs were plastered up, and at one end a large fireplace was built, with a genuine chimney. The captain was

enabled to spend in comfort a somewhat inclement season.

"There were no Buzzard ovens in those days, and the cooking equipment served out to our troops was of the most meager kind. But the young captain managed to secure from some source an iron Dutch oven, in which most of the cooking was done. It was simply an iron kettle with a cover which set in a hole in the ground, and a good wood fire, set the kettle on it, put in the food, put on the cover, and then wait the requisite time for it to cook. Then, when the mess call was sounded, all hands would respond, and it was reported that the mess from that old 'Dutch oven' were simply delicious. It was the pet cooking utensil of that military station, and the officers and men learned at first to respect, and then to love it for its good service. A colored cook, as black as the kettle, added in making the cuisine delightful."

"When Captain Morgan received orders to break camp in May, 1864, and march north in the movement which preceded the battle of Gettysburg, he could not carry the kettle with him, and as he hated to leave it to be captured by the rebels, he had a big hole dug in the ground and carefully buried it with honors."

As soon as Colonel Morgan heard of General Cole's acceptance of General Corbin's invitation to be his guest during the maneuvers, he commissioned the captain to go and retrieve the kettle, if possible, the 'Dutch oven.' Colonel Morgan believes that the hut is still standing, and that in all probability the oven has never been resurrected. He fully expects that the general will take the trouble to find the hut, and that if he does the kettle will be recovered. It is likely that if the utensil gets North there will be something appetizing cooked in the kettle for Colonel Morgan and his friends."

A Washington Man by Birth and Later by Preference, and With Methods and Views Often Striking in Their Originality.

style is English-Gothic of the Tudor period, and the buildings are an exceedingly fine specimen.

As Student and Lecturer.

But Dr. Stafford is known the whole country as a Shakespearean student and lecturer, and one is anxious to know what drew his attention in the direction of the great bard.

All great men and scholars, however busy, have had some study or occupation which one would not call a side study, but rather a study or a work cognate to one's profession, and certainly Shakespeare is religion—for religion is poetry, religion is beauty, and religion is philosophy; and what is Shakespeare but poetry, beauty, and philosophy. As a matter of fact, the greatest minds have found their inspiration in Shakespeare and the Bible.

In answer to the question, "When did you begin the study of Shakespeare?" Dr. Stafford responded: "I don't know. As a small boy and all during my college course, on rainy days, or when I had the blues, I took refuge in the great bard, and let my class-mates go, often until examination. I found him ever comforting, and gradually he became my Vaude Mecum."

His Hamlet Lecture.

"Yes, I began to lecture the very year of my ordination, and have lectured ever since. I first took some general subjects on religion, philosophy, and science, but I began Shakespeare the first year."

"I prepared my Hamlet lecture in a few days; a committee came to me in Baltimore, and told me a lecturer had disappointed them, and would help them out. I said: 'Gentlemen, this is short notice, but I am fairly familiar with Hamlet, and if that will suit you, I will give you what commentary I can, and read some of the text.' They said that would be just the thing. The Hamlet lecture, which I delivered in many cities after-ward, grew, but was never essentially changed."

It is well known that Dr. Stafford's success on the platform has been quite phenomenal all over the country. But, perhaps, the most remarkable feature of it is this: That in a city where he has been preaching constantly for ten years, and where he has been lecturing for nearly twenty, he still commands the

largest and most representative audience that is possible to gather here.